What They are Worth

Mme. Modjeska could raise \$75,000 to-morrow if anything happened to her. Mrs. Mary Livermore has \$75,000 of the \$120,000 made from her lectures, and hapless Anna Dickinson, who cleared \$25,000 in one season and \$160, cleared \$25,000 in one season and \$160,-030 in ten, hasn't a dollar of it left. But she is wiser than she was. Mrs. Harciest Prescott Spofford published ten books in the last forty years, the proceeds of which amounted to about \$6,000 each. Ouida has earned more money than any other woman of the century with the exception of Mme. Patti. Mrs. Southworth's novels brought her a fortune. Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is coining money. With the exception of Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Mary Ann Connelly, who came to this country forty old years ago as a steerage passenger and who pulled basting stitches for two years, has more money in her own right than any of the Vanderbilt women, every penny of which she made with her basely. needle. She owns about ten cottages at Long Branch, facetiously known as the party dresses, one of which is fit for a king and brings a kingly rent every sammer. The most successful money-maker among modern women is Lydia Van Finkelstein, a native of Palestine, a woman of about twenty-eight, and something of a linguistic wonder. She lectures, or talks, rather, on the Holy Land, knows the whole geography of Asia Minor and could enlighten Colonel Ingersoll on the mis-takes of the Bible, which she knows from cover to cover. In a little less than six years this large blonde biblieal talker has cleared \$100,800. Sac gets \$100 a lecture, with a percentage of the receipts, and talks from October to May, often giving three lectures in a

Junior Partner (Colde, Cash & Co .-"The salesman in Department X says he won't periure his soul another week lying about our goods. It will be diffi-cult for us to fill his place." Senior Farmer—"How much is he getting?" "Ten dollars a week," "Offer him \$12 and a commission," N. T. Weekly.

The Pangers of Dining.

To dine in company is to go cabined, cribbed, confined upon a journey, hap-pily short, but beset with dangers against which there is no insurance; as, to be linked with your mortal enemy, or, if you are single, with her who last refused you; to suffer tortures of ennui at the bore's callous lips; to eat, drink, and, above all, talk too much unwit tingly. This last accident is not only the commonest, but also the most dis becomes its unconscious victim is lost

beyond recovery.
The man who listens, be it ever so little, to his own discourse will end by listening much, and will be known thenceforth as a preacher of the dinner table, happy only when fatally destructive to whatever current of animal magnetism may be assumed to have existed there sinking into oppressive gloom with silence enforced upon him. For when two of these fierce talkers meet at close quarters one must be silent; and to the other the very walls must seem to hearken.

I can make some excellent investments in Chicago Real estate: will guarantee, 25 per cent, increase in value within 18 months, For particulars address A. L. Flaning-nam, 94 La Salle St., Chicago, Highest ref-erences on application.

Mr. Bashful: "I do so love Boston bread, you know," Miss Waiting (seiz-ing her chance: "Now, do you know, I am Boston bred?" Tableau—Engage-

ment. Wedding.

The "Mother's Friend"

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it, but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by

The man who has hard work to keep posted the bookkeeper.

Dropsy. We call attention of those suffering with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; costs you nothing to do so.

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Six novels free will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada, Pa., to any one in the U. S., or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

Knowledge is power, but it takes coal to keep up steam.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.

"Oh, So Tired!"

is the cry of thousands every Spring. For that Tired Feeling

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

and recover Health and Vigor. It Makes the Weak Strong. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

You will Save Money. Time, Pain, Trouble.





## NARROW ESCAPE FOR SOULS.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage on Salvation as by

Many People Saved as "With the Skin of Their Tooth"-More Difficulty Found by Some in Accepting the Gospel Than by

Others.

Dr. Talmage preached last Sunday on "Narrow Escapea," taking as his text Job, xix, 30, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:
Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth" There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Doctors Good and Poole and Barnes, have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth!" He know everything about it. Dentel surgery is almost as old as the teeth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and, putting his hand against the inflamed face he says. "I perating toothache, and, putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's lody and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escapes for their souls. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job facily accessed to have their facily accessed. finally escaped, so have they. Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can en lure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your han!, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the pas-sengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you-

you drop into it—you are saved.

So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out: and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls and are saved as

"with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you espect them to become christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been ex-"That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was de-cided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dars not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his mid-life very wayward. was reckiess; as mid-lie very wayward.
But now he is converted, and you go over
to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the
church yesterday." Your friends say, "It
is not possible! You must be joking."
You say, "No, I tell you the truth. He
joined the church." Then they reply,
"There is hope for any of us if old Arkwith the shore of Chalitin!" wright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays and who have come in here with no intent of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on, and

selves, but just to see what is going on, and yet you may find yourself escaping before you leave this house, "as with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to wasto this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets, and after awhite come ashore, pulling in their nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. O, thou who didst Gospel net is strong. O, thou who d'dst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is use-less for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. 1 can not say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature—the gate of the head and the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assume that your heart swings as the same that the same saulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons and it would would need at the weak waspons in a would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house you open it and give n.e the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about

Christ and beaven." Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel in the road in which you are now traveling! You had a relative who dren travel in the road in which you are now traveling! You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death! I have a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evantescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in she joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must
be comfortable in old age to believe in
something relative to the future, and to
have a faith in some system that proposes
to save. I am free to confess that I would
be happier if I could exercise the simple
and beautiful faith that is possessed by
many whom I know. I am not willingly
out of the church or out of the faith. My
state of uncertainty is one of unrest.
Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and
look upon the death bed as the closing
scene, after which there is nothing. What
shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! skepticism is a dark and doisful land? Let me
say that this Hibbs is either true or faise.
If it be falso we are as well off as you; if
it be true, then which of us is safer!

Let me also sak whether your trouble has
not been that you confounded Unristianity
with the inconsistent character of some
who profess it! You are a lawyer. In
your profession there are mean and dishoneat men. Is that anything against the law!
You are a doctor. There are unskilled
and contemptous men in your profession.
Is that anything against the law!
You are a doctor. There are unskilled

incensistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted iron and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailities of those who profess it. Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all

in all, is about the test book that the world has ever seen! Do you know any book that has as much in it! Do you not think, upon the whole, that its in-fluence has been benificent! I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bibls, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. To-day I invite you back into the good old feathers a shiring of your fathers. good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, o the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they bung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you he r something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer: "I can not swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church, but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at

All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temp Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot breathed pas-sions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs ham righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a potulancy that blurs and unravels

and depletes the soul. There is a large class of persons in mid were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest, for trou-bles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will— yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own sout only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven-the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew God will help you. O, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it an I say they will try you again, but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hurdred times; yea, though this be the ten thou-sandth time. He is more earnest, more sym-pathetic, more helpful, this last time than

when you took your first missien.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away there will be no sport in the undertekinz, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist and watch

but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck and found that it was a capsized vessel and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, wi h which

they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well-nigh paralyzed and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came, 'They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it! How narrowly they escaped!—escape !

only "with the skin of their teeth,"

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid ocean, and seat in your parlor. If I should come at they are a thousand miles away from any you now with an argument, you would anshore of help. They have for years been awer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm, been digging away, and digging away, but blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when they can never be delivered unless they will holst some signal of distress. . How ever weak and feeble it may be Christ will see it and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board; and it will be known in earth and heaven how narrowly they escaped-"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who in attempting to come to God must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and comes away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunsst, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you can not pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodding bills that you can not meet.

You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business past three years. Some with less business troubles have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back countingroom, and gone in, and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife has neard the bang of a pastoi in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suictie. There are in this house to-day three hundred men pursued, harassed, trouden down, and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction He will crown with success. Do not let Batan, with cotton bales and right direction He will crown with suc-Do not let Satan, with cotton belea kegs and hogsheads and counters stocks of unsalable goods block up ; way to heaven. (Jather up all your o glos. Tighten the girdles about your le

are a merchant. There are thieves and defrarders in your bisiness. Is that anything against merchandise! Hebold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church.

There are men standing in the iront rank in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5\$ without good collateral security. They leave their business dishouesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they go up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devit is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play spell. With a Sarada and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hush Ridge were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Waiter street, Pears street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or rotaliers, or importers; but in heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recentation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning. mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cleated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a word where everything seems so topsyturvey, they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of auchims also considered. tianity, or the truth of anything else, touc Hear me, all such men. I preach to you

no rounded periods, no ornamental dis-course; but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages, and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years, He has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed, the more violent men have been in their resistence and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have decoped into ped back until they have dropped into

Try this God, ye who have had the blood Try this God, ye who have had the blood hounds atter you, and who had thought that God had forgotton you. Try Him, and see if He will not help. Try Him and see if He will not pardon. Try Him, and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fount sins that will stake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without cracking a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its an lers crashing or the rocks; but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's and shall never die.

This world is a poor portion for you soul, oh business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, repre-sented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto: not worth that," Apicius Coelius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd crying to him: "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell covered with the curses of every mother in France! Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its anathema maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half way work will do it. There some times comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpets to his lips and

"Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well night lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride and cut away the masts. With one earnest cry for help put your cause into the hand of Him who helped Paul out of the Melita, and who, above shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for morey. I shall go home to day feeling that some of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that, with a bloodred earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just

got through and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth." The First Tribute to His Honesty.

It is related of one of the most rugged of the rural senators that he was in New York city with his wife shopping, says the new York Star, but did not like the business, and he stood outside on the sidewalk while his spouse leisurely turned over all sorts of wares in one of the biggest dry goods stores. As usual, she lingered, and he grew more and more impatient and angry. He walked up and down in front of the store and began to swear to himself. Occasionally he ejaculated aloud. Presently a stalwart policeman laid his hand on his shoulder. "See here, my man," said the officer. "you'd better move on. I've got my eyes on you."

"What for?" asked the senator.

"Don't bandy any questions," said
the officer. "You are a suspicious
character, that's enough."

" cried the senator in amazement. ol? Why, I am Senator -- of -- county, and here are my credentials.

and he pulled out a bunch of letters and passes with his name on them. "And my wife is in there shopping. and I am waiting for her.' The officer saw at once that he was wrong, and was further convinced when the senator's wife came out and

addressed him by name.
"I see that I was mistaken," said the officer in apology, "and I hope you will excuse me. I did not know you or, of course, I would not have applied such an epithet to you.'

"You think I am not a suspicious character? "Certainly not."
"I'm glad of it," said the senator, with a burst of gratitude. "That's

the first tribute to my honesty that I've got since I entered the d - legislature

Mortality of the Union Generals.

Gen. William T. Sherman is almost the only great commander of the union armies who lived the allotted term of life. It is a striking fact that the soldiers generally of both armies fall short of civilians in lease of life. Grant would be but sixty-eight were he now alive, and he died at sixty-three. Sheridan was born in 1831 and died at fifty-seven. Thomas died at fifty-four, and he was naturally of a robust constitution. Meade died at lifty-seven. Halleck was but fifty-seven when he died. McClellan was but fifty-nine when he died. McDowell died at sixty-seven. Hooker was but sixty-five when he died. Humside was but fifty-seven when he died. Hancock died at sixty-three. Fremont, born in 1815, is still living. Rosecrans was born in 1819 and is still living. life. It is a striking fact that the soi-

When the scientific world laughed at the humble missionary Rebmann, who the humble missionary Rebmann, who reported over forty years ago that he had found a snow-crowned mountain under the equator, he merely replied: "I was brought up in Switzerland, and I ought to know a snow-capped peak when I see one." That was the first event in the history of modern discovery in Central Africa, and it is only within the past few weeks that we have had the details of Dr. Hans Meyer's final triumph over Kilima-Njaro, whose snowy, imph over Kilima-Njaro, whose snowy Kibo dome had defeated the efforts of a number of explorers, Rebmann would have felt repaid for

Rebmann would have felt repaid for all the ridicule that was showered upon him if he could have seen br. Mever's companion, a practiced Alpine climber, with his ice ax and rope and snow spec-tacles cutting steps up the steep icy slope. Both climbers paused to rest every ten minutes, because the rarity of the air made continuous effort impossi-ble. In these periods of rest they could dimly see the far-distant plains through the openings in the clouds be-low them. Then, when on their second attempt, three days after their first ef-fort, they reached the highest point in Africa, about 19,680 feet above the sea they found themselves on the edge of great crater over a mile across and 650 ft deep, the icy mantle sinking in terraces from the edge of crater to the floor while through a great gap in the west wall a mighty glacier, about a mile and half a long, swept down the mountain

Seen from below, the top of Kibo looks like a great snow dome, and no one ever imagined that an abysmal crater would be found there until Meye stood on its edge.

Parisian English.

A "Practical Guide to the Exhibition" was published last year at Paris. It was the work of such a genus as he who compiled "English as She is Spoke." A few extracts from this guide will interest those who were

obliged to forego the pleasure of visit-ing the Exposition.
"Who Was Giving the Idea of Exhibition?—The first idea of an exhibition of the Centenary belongs, in reality. not to anybody. It was in the air since several years, when divers newspapers in 1-83 bethought them to consecrate several articles to it, and so it became a serious matter. The period of incu-bation lasted since 1883 till the month of March, 1881, when they preoccupied them about a national exhibition. Afterwards the ambition increased,

"The Regular Execution of the Entrance.—Constables are affected in a permanent manner at the service of every wicket. The chief controller has to concert him with the police chief at the exhibition to assure the regular

execution of the entrance.
"The Tower Eiffel.—In order to at tire the stranger, to create a great attraction which assured the success of the exhibition, it want something exceptional, unrivalled, extraordinary.

An engineer presented him, Mr. Eiffel, dready known by his considerable and keen works. He proposed to Mr. Locroy to erect a tower in iron which, reach ng the height of three hundred metres would represent, at the industrial sight, the resultant of the modern progress. Mr. Locroy reflected and accepted."

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the rapids are below you!" cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming enteract. And we would cry. "Boat, Ahoy!" to the one whose life is being drawn into the whiripool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids.

If your lungs are weak, breath short, have spitting of blood, experience occasional cold chilis creeping up your spinal column, with macking cough, variable or poor appetite, feeble digestion, with gradual loss of flesh, cold feet, lassitude or general debility, are easily fatigued, don't disregard these premonitory symptoms. Thousands annually, without experiencing half the above symptoms and not heeding their timely warnings are plunged into the relentless grasp of that most fatal scourge —Consumption.

You can't afford to fool away any precious time, if suffering from any considerable number of these unmistakable symptoms of approaching danger! It's madness to trifle and experiment with uncertain means when thus afflicted. Don't forget at such a critical period that the only medicine possessed of such positive curative properties as to warrant its proprietors in guaranteeing it to cure Consumption of the Lungs, if taken in time and given a fair trial, is the world—

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